

DAVID GRAHAM PHILLIPS, Author of "THE COST HE (COMPARTY 1905 by the BOBBS-MERRILL COMPANY)

XXXII.

."MY RIGHT EYE OFFENDS ME.". Next day Langdon's stocks wavered, going up a little, going down a little, closing at practically the same figures at which they had opened. Then I sprang my sensation—that Langdon and his particular clique, though they atrolled the Textile Trust, did not wn so much as one-fiftieth of its votong stock. True "captains of industry" that they were, they made their profits not out of dividends, but out of side schemes that absorbed about two-thirds of the earnings of the Trust, and out of gambling in its bonds and stocks. I said in concluwion:

"The largest owner of the stock is lalter G Edmunds, of Chicago-an onest man. Send your voting proxies o him, and he can take the Textile company away from those now plundering it.

As the annual election of the Trust was only six weeks away, Langdon and his clique were in a panic. They rushed into the market and bought frantically, the public bidding against them. Langdon himself went to Chicago to reason with Edmunds-that s, to try to find out at what figure be could be bought. And so on, day after day, I faithfully reporting to the public the main occurrences behind the scenes. The Langdon attempt to regain control by purchases of stock failed. He and his ailies made what must have been to them appalling sacrifices; but even at the high prices they offered, comparativey little of the stock appeared.

"I've caught them," said I to Jocthe first time, and the last, during that campaign that I indulged in a loast.

"If Edmunds sticks to you," re plied cautious Joe.

But Edmunds did not. I do not know at what price he sold himself. Probably it was pitifully small: cupidity usually snatches the justant bait tickles its nose. But I do know that my faith in human nature got its severest shock.

Fortunately, Edmunds had held out, or, rather, Langdon had delayed approaching him, long enough for me to grin my main point. The uproar over the Textile Trust had become so great that the national department of commerce dared not refuse an investigation; and I straightway began to spread out in my dally larrows facts of the trust's enormous earnings and of the shameful sources of thoseearnings.

in the midst of the admintion, of the blares upon the trumpers of fame that saluted my waking and were wafted to me as I fell asleep at night -in the midst of all the turmoil, I was often in a great and brooding silence, longing for her, now with the imperious energy of passion, and now with the sad ache of love. What was she doing? What was she thinking? Now that Langdon had again played her false for the old price, with what eyes was she looking into the future? Alva, settled in a West Side apart-

ment not far from the ancestral white elephant, telephoned, asking me to come. I went, because she could and would give me news of Anita. But as contered her little drawing-room. "It was curiosity that brought said: me. I wished to see how you were instulled."

"Isn't it nice and small?" cried she. Billy and I haven't the slightest diffi- eyes. "I knew-better than he." alty in finding each other-as people as often have in the big houses." And k was Billy this and Billy that, and what Billy said and thought and feltand before they were married, she had called him William, and had declared Billy" to be the most offensive comuman line.

"I needn't ask if you are bappy, from surroundings as bateful to me covered her husband." as a summer sunrise in a death-cham-

hastened from the room.

copped just outside. I waited a few "But I deserve it." seconds, cried: "Well, I'm off. Next where to come," and advanced to the "there was a time when I would have put my own lawyer to work. My right there: It was Anita.

"I beg your pardon," said I, coldly. should have gone. What devil pos- stretch-and it is over." sessed me? Certainly in all our relations I had found her direct and frank, to see me soon after I left your house, they would not have adopted his sugif ar thing, too frank. Doubtless it and went to my uncle," she said. "I was the influence of my associations will tell you what happened." down town, where for so many months I had been dealing with the "short- adding pointedly, "I have been waiting the people who meekly, year ofter card" crowd of high finance, who ever since you left for news of your year, presented themselves for the the would hardly play the game straight plans." even when that was the easy way to | She grew white, and my heart smote thuslasm.

win. My long, steady stretch in that stealthy and sinuous company had put to send him away." me in the state of mind in which it is with a motive that is decent or an ac- said. tion that is not a dead-fall. Thus the obvious transformation in her made with them had gone all that had been the repellent conventional pattern to conventionality before false gods have which her mother and her associates myself: "A trap! Langdon has gone back to his wife. She turns to me." And I loved her and hated her. "Never," thought I, "has she shown so poor an opinion of me as now."

"My uncle told me day before yesterday that it was not he but you." she said, lifting her eyes to mine. | It could have misread their honest story; yet 1 did.

blood rush to her face.

"That is unjust to him." she replied, earnestly.

because he wished to convince me arm and offering me her hand. that he had good reason for his high opinion of you."

no doubt he found you open wide to say, with a smile, that was, I doubt the cataclysm. conviction-now." This a subtlety to not, as mocking as my tone: "By all

She came into the room and said. "I hope that, at, least, we can part without bitterness. I understand now that everything is over between A woman's vanity makes her be-I am convinced now-I assure you, I to ask you to hear me when I say that Langdon came, and that I myself sent him away; sent him back to his wife." "Touching self-sacrifice," said I,

ironically. "No," she replied. "I cannot claim any credit. I sent him away only because you and Alva had taught me how

to judge him better. I do not despise has made him what he is. But I had

My comment was an incredulous impossible to credit any human being look and shrug. "I must be going," I

"You do not believe me?" she asked. "in my place, would you believe?" no impression on me. Her haughti- replied I. "You say I have taught you. ness, her coldness, were gone, and Well, you have taught me, too-for instance, that the years you've spent on least like her natural self, most like your knees in the musty temple of of the "sensation," they said. made you-fit only for the Langdon had molded her. But I was saying to sort of thing. You can't learn how to large town in the United States: stand erect, and your eyes cannot bear the light."

> "I am sorry," she said, slowly, besitatingly, "that your faith in me died just when I might, perhaps, have justified it. Ours has been a pitiful series of misunderstandings."

"A trap! A trap!" I was warning is inconceivable to me now that I myself. "You've been a fool long enough, Blacklock." And afoud I said: "Well, Anita, the series is ended now. "I had no idea your uncle's notion There's no longer any occasion for our of honor was also eccentric," said i, lying or posing to each other. Any arwith a satirical smile that made the rangements your uncle's lawyers suggest will be made."

I was bowing, to leave without "He says he made you no promise of would not have it so. "Please," she secrecy. And he confessed to me only saic, stretching out her long, slender

What a devil possessed me that day! With every atom of me longing for her,

YOU DO NOT BELIEVE MET SHE ASKED." .

she was seeking me.

"No," she answered, lowering her

For an instant this, spoken in a neutral ground, voice I had long given up hope of ever | As I was turning away, her look, my hearing from her, staggered my cyn- own heart, made me turn again. 1 ical conviction. But-"Possibly she caught her by the shoulders. I gazed thinks she is sincere," reasoned my luto her eyes. "If I could only treat head with my heart; "even the sincer- you, could only believe you!" I cried. est women, brought up as was she, albut there it is: with them, calculation | you do not care." said I presently, with a dismal failure is as involuntary and automatic as at looking cheerful. "I can't stay but their pulse." So, I said to her, mocka moment," I added, and if I had ingly: "Doubtless your opinion of me obeyed my feelings, i'd have risen up has been improving steadily ever since Don't lie to me!" I excialmed. And ard taken myself and my pain away from heard that Mrs. Langdon had re- before she could reply, I was gone. .

"Oh." she marmured. If she had been | and assassins, the traps and ambushes "Oh!" she exclaimed, in some con- the ordinary woman, who in every of Wall street, I believed again; befusion. "Then excuse me." And she crisis with man instinctively resorts lieved firmly the promptings of the to weakness' strongest weakness, devil that possessed me. "She would I thought she had gone to order, or lears, I might have a different story to have given you a brief fool's paradise," nerhaps to bring, the tea. The long tell. But she fought back the tears said that devil. "Then what a hideous m'autes dragged away until ten had in which her eyes were swimming and awakening!" And I cursed the day assed. Hearing a rustling in the ball, gathered herself together. "That is when New York's insidious snobbisht rose, intending to take leave the tar brutai," she said, with not a touch of ness had tempted my vanity into startstant she appeared. The rustling haughtiness, but not humbly, either, ing me on that degrading chase after

"There was a time," I went on. time I want to be alone, I'll know swept in a swift current of cold rage, self soon," said I to myself, "I will door. It was not Alva hesitating taken you on almost any terms. A eye offends me. I will pluck it out." man never makes a complete fool of himself about a woman but once in If there had been room to pass I his life, they say. I have done my

"I do not wish to hear," replied 1,

let her know that I undertsood why I means let us be friends. And i trust you will not think me discourteous if I say that I shall feel safer in our friendship when we are both on

"You cared for me when I wasn't diantion of letters that ever fell from ways have the calculator underneath; worth it," she said. "Now that I are they deny it, they don't know it often, more like what you once imagined me.

Up between us rose Langdon's face -cyrical, mocking, contemptaous, "Your heart is his! You told me so!

Out from under the spell of her She winced, as if I had struck her, presence, back among the tricksters "respectability."

"If she does not move to free her-

CHAPTER XXXIII. "WILD WEEK."

"The Seven" made their fatal move She sighed wearily. "Langdon came on Updegraff's advice, I suspect. But congenial to their own temper of ar- curely. But how-and by whom? rogance and tyranny and contempt for

"The Seven," of course, controlled seated herself. "Won't you stop, directly, or indirectly, all but a few of please, for a moment longer?" she the newspapers with which I had advertising contracts. They also con trolled the main sources through which the press was supplied with news-and often and well they had lief that a man cares for her die hard. used this control, and surprisingly cautious had they been not so to am. I shall trouble you no more abuse it that the editors and the pubabout the past. But I have the right lic would become suspicious. When my war was at its height, when I was beginning to congratulate myself that the huge magazines of "The Seven" were empty almost to the point at which they must sue for peace on my own terms, all in four days 43 of my 67 newspapers-and they the most important-notified me that they would no longer carry out their contracts to him as do you; I know too well what publish my daily letter. They gave as their reason, not the real one, fear of involve them in rulnous libel suits. I

'The Seven," but fear that I would who had legal proof for every statement I made: I who was always careful to understate! Next, one press association after another ceased to send out my letter as news, though they had been doing so regularly for months. The public had grown tired

I countered with a telegram to one or more newspapers in every city and

"'The Seven' are trying to cut the wires between the truth and the public. If you wish my daily letter, telegraph me direct and I will send it at my expense.

The response should have warned The Seven." But it did not. Under their orders the telegraph companies refused to transmit the letter. I got an injunction. It was obeyed in typical, corrupt corporation fashion-they sent my matter, but so garbled that it was unintelligible. I appealed to the courts. In vain.

To me, it was clear as sun in cloudless noonday sky that there could be shaking hands with her. But she but one result of this insolent and despotic dental of my rights and the rights of the people, this public confession of the truth of my charges. I turned everything salable or mortgageable into each, locked the cash up "Really!" said I, ironically. "And I yet was able to take her hand and in my private vaults, and waited for

> Thursday-Friday-Saturday. parently all was tranquil; apparently the people accepted the Wall street theory that I was an rexploded sensa-"The Seven" began to preen tion." themselves; the strain upon them to maintain prices, if no less than for three months past, was not notably greater; the crisis would pass, I and my exposures would be forgotten, the routine of reaping the harvests and leaving only the gleanings for the sowers would soon be placidly resumed.

Sunday. Roebuck, taken ill as he was passing the basker in the church of which he was the shining light, died at midnight-a beautiful, peaceful death, they say, with his daughter reading the Bible aloud, and his lips moving in prayer. Some hold that, had he lived, the tranquility would have continued; but this is the view of those who cannot realize that the tide of affairs is no more controlled by the "great men" than is the river led down o the see by its surface flotsam, by which we measure the speed and direction of its current. Under that terrific tension, which to the shallow seemed a calm, something had to give way. If the dam had not yielded where Roebuck stood guard, it niust have yielded somewhere else, or might have gone all in one grand crash.

Monday. You know the story of the artist and his Statue of Grief-how he molded the features a hundred times. always failing, always getting an anticlimax, until at last in despair he gave up the impossible and finished the statue with a veil over the face. I have tried again and again to assemble words that would give some not too inadequate impression of that tre mendons week in which, with a succession of explosions, each like the crack of doom, the financial structure that housed \$0,000,000 of people burst, collapsed, was engulfed. I cannot, I must leave it to your memory or your limagination.

For years the financial leaders erazed by the excess of power which the people had in ignorance and over confidence and slovenly good-nature permitted them to acquire, had been tearing out the honest foundations on which alone so vast a structure can hope to rest solid and secure. They had been substituting rotten beams painted to look like stone and Iron. The crash bad to come! the sooner, the better-when a thing is wrong. each day's delay compounds the cost of righting it. So, with all the horrors of "Wild Week" in mind, all its physfeal and mental suffering, all its rain and rioting and bloodshel, I still can insist that I am justly proud of my share in bringing it about. The blame and the shame are wholly upon those who made "Wild Week" necessary and

inevitable. In catastrophes, the cry is "Each for himself!" But in a cataclysm, the obvious wise selfishness is generosity, and the cry is: "Stand together, for, singly, we perish." This was a cataclysm. No one could save himself. except the few who, taking my oftenurged advice and following my example, had entered the ark of ready money. Farmer and artisan and professional man and laborer owed merchant; merchant owed banker; banker owed depositor. No one could pay because no one could get what was due him or could realize upon his property. The endless chain of credit that binds together the whole of modern society had snapped in a thousand places. It gestion had it not been so exactly must be repaired, instantly and

(To be Continued.)

Life is like sea water; it never gets shearing with fatuous bleats of en- quite sweet until it is drawn or late heaven.-Richter

CARE OF THE SICK ROOM.

Above All Things the Walls Should Be Kept Dry.

When the bedroom becomes a sick room there is an added reason why extreme precautions should be used to keep the room in a thoroughly sanitary condition.

Above all things, the bedroom should never be damp. It should be nice and dry, always warm and comfortable in winter, cool and alry in summer, and bright and sunny some parts of the

If there is any suspicion of dampness in a bedroom it is probably due, if there is wallpaper on the wall, to the absorption of water by the paper which frequently acts as a blotting paper and holds quantities of water in it.

The use of wallpaper on walls is to be deplored; it means disease, ill health and unhappiness. It is frequently the cause of lung trouble, not only because of its dampness but also because of its power to retain infection of many kinds.

The desired method of treating a bedroom wall is to tint it for the alabastined wall is a perfect wall. It never flakes off, chips or peels. It absorbs moisture and expels it, it opens the porce of the plaster and makes a room Ilvable and breathable.

The iloor in the bedroom should have light, cleanable, dainty rugs that can be easily shaken and a floor that is thoroughly offed or varulahed, that will not absorb moisture. The cracks in the floor should be thoroughly filled and covered. Woodwork in the bedroom should be attended to carefully. window sills should be thoroughly varnished or waxed, and the window easings kept in perfect order. The doors should be wiped off frequently as also should be all the standing woodwork in the bedroom, as the presence of dust on woodwork is a menace to health as well as an evidence of poor housekeeping.

Curious Mags.

Maps for military and general field use are produced by Dr. O. H. F. Vollbelle, of Halensee, Berlin, as microscopic transparencies, each about one and one-half inch by two inches in size. These form slides for the micro-photoscope, a special instrument having a hand-mirror-shaped frame, to which is attached a slide-holder, with a movable lens over ft. The lens slides in two directions, about 70 square miles being shown in each position.

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